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Notes of the Week

We do not wish to belittle the actual administration of Lord Willingdon in India. He has replaced the suicidal and homicidal sloppiness of Irwinism with courage, sanity, and strength, and it would be wrong to forget that, by governing, he has saved an India on the brink of chaos. But, while his claim that terrorism is in hand may, we hope, be justified, the other smooth sayings in his address to both houses of the Legislative assembly are stupid or disingenuous. If Gandhi and Civil Disobedience are at a discount, if finance and policing flourish, even if Terrorism is "in hand," what does all this prove? Not the wisdom, but the madness of going forward on the White Paper road; not a reason for any extension of self-government, but the necessity of strong British rule. Lord Willingdon has ruled a little and he claims that all is lovely in the garden. Is this, then, a time to replant the nettle of surrender?

Between the I.R.A. and the Blue Shirts Mr. de Valera and his Government are just as comfortable as they deserve to be. It is no surprise that the I.R.A. should have declared formal war in phrases of stern denunciation. The Fianna Fail Government has exercised "coercion against Republicans" and "has no more claim to the allegiance of the people than the Imperialist junta ruling in the six counties." A triangular contest always appeals to the Irish sense of humour and wigs on the green is the order of the day. At any rate there can be no question of weakening

The Nettle of Surrender

even for our National Government in its attitude towards Ireland and we can leave the I.R.A. with its precious Army Council, de Valera, and the Blue Shirts to fight it out with something of a plague on all their houses. Their mutual annihilation might give a chance to honest men to come by their own. But, short of such a consummation, give us the Blue Shirts and Cosgrave. They do hold out some hope of sanity and even of honesty.

"The Governments of the wheat importing nations . . . agree henceforth not to encourage any extension of the area sown to wheat and not to take any governmental measures, the effect of which would be to increase the domestic production of wheat." This quotation from the Wheat Agreement, suggests that we are living in an upside-down world. A little—oh! so little—encouragement had produced a small increase in the area under wheat in this country. So now apparently, if words mean anything, even that small improvement in a matter vital to our existence is to be abandoned. On no account are we to grow any more wheat. Yet, inevitably, we must reduce our food imports, because we cannot pay for them with diminished exports. More and more we must depend on what we grow at home; neither the Dominions nor the foreigner can be paid except by exports, and we can never again be the factory of the world. Therefore, every acre added to our food production is a precious possession.

A Mad World!

Our precious National Government appoints a Free Trader to the Department most concerned with protecting our industries. It has deliberately

Wigs on the Green

turned back on the little progress that we have made at a snail's pace towards increasing our food production. Lewis Carroll made fun of Party Government as a system in which three horses called the Government, were harnessed to a plough to pull it forward, while two horses called the Opposition, hauled it in the opposite direction. Even he never thought that the Governmental ploughman might insist on his horses progressing backwards.

* *

The Honourable Sir Richard Stafford Cripps has produced a plan for civil war. It is entitled

**Cripps
or
Crippen?**

"Problems of a Socialist Government" and it will cost you five shillings. So you will observe that the honourable and aristocratic Sir Stafford Cripps is about to make a profit from this pamphleteering of mutual bloodshed. Sir Stafford Cripps is a rich man. He does not really need the author's percentage on 5s. He is also a War Lord of the Socialist Party. Like certain other educated opportunists he has discovered that promotion, in competition with his equals in the Liberal and Conservative Parties, is not rapid. There are too many good brains looking for a job. So Sir Stafford turned to the Socialist Party, that haven of night-school intelligentsia. Here, aided by his title, his forensic ability and the innate snobbery of all English Socialists, he has come to the fore.

And now, riding the crupper behind that aged jockey, Mr. Lansbury, who is likely to take a toss the moment their joint mount pecks, Sir Stafford is ramming home his spurs. If you read his five shilling effort you will find that this aristocratic democrat's cure for the present ills of England is a nicely thought out plan for civil war, beginning with the grant of emergency powers to give Ministers the right of direct action, passing thence to the crippling of the House of Lords by the creating of emergency Peers—a bargain basement full of Marleys and Allens—and then, if the Crown refuses, a complete defiance of the Crown and Government by unconstitutional means.

* *

The prospect, Sir Stafford rightly concludes, would lead to "a Capitalist uprising." Then would follow civil war. And,

**The
Nevsky
Prospect**

we imagine, armed with its emergency Powers, Sir Stafford's dictatorial, autocratic, unconstitutional, Socialist Government would automatically seize or paralyse every armed or civil service in the country. They would have Britain by the throat. This, if we please, is the plan of an educated, and, to some degree eminent, Member of the Bar. It is pure Leninism. The methods advocated are crudity itself. They are not even clever. Sir Stafford should burn his books and return to honest law.

The disappearance of that part redoubtable and part ridiculous figure, Professor Moley, chief of a preposterous "brains trust," from American politics, adds to the gaiety of nations, as it will no doubt add to the peace and comfort of Mr. Cordell Hull. His antics were absurd and nearly dangerous. He was one of the many blokes (or guys), who have overthought themselves—*capax imperii nisi imperasset*. But the alarms and excursions over the "blanket" code and the stout obstinacy of Mr. Ford are also fit for fun to those who watch the Roosevelt experiment from a distance. Here farce may be near to tragedy and laughter to tears. But so is all the true farce, much of the best laughter. Anyhow, Moley is gone—and Ford? We shall see about Ford, a sort of God in the car, and about the Roosevelt experiment which must somehow change a lot of human nature, if it is to have a chance of success.

* *

Lord Grey of Fallodon, who, as we write, lies gravely ill, is sure of the respect of posterity, if not of first-class honours in history.

**Aere
Perennius**

Like every outstanding figure of any part or period of the War, he can be defended and attacked, flouted and idealised as personal conviction or prejudice dictates. But it is not often remembered that he has secured, in a field secure from politics or statesmanship, the monument more permanent than bronze. He has written a best-seller, a classic. His "Fly Fishing," is more than a book which every fisherman should read with profit and pleasure, for it is an achievement in style. Its English is pure, free, and simple. That he has practised what he preached with skill, enthusiasm, and success is little. What he wrote will endure.

* *

So the last Grand Jury has been empanelled, and, for our part, we regret the fact. There has for many years been enough and to spare of comfortable assumption

Discharged

that the Grand Juror performed functions that were superfluous, if not positively harmful; that he was an expensive anachronism. We cannot take that view. In our opinion, he was, and is, necessary to justice and the citizen; a bulwark against professional prejudice and a guarantee of sanity. In how many cases has a Grand Jury returned a True Bill or thrown out a charge against the advice deliberately given—sometimes in the form of a minatory instruction—from the Bench? And in how many cases has its action been proved sound? In a great many. We have secured an economy of time and money and we have sacrificed a system that worked very well.

The tithe war continues unabated and it is hard to see how any just settlement can be reached, until prosperity is restored to agriculture. On the one hand, the tithe owner has as much right to his tithe as the landlord to his rent.

That Unhappy Tenth

On the other hand, conditions have made in certain cases what was once a reasonable charge into an intolerable burden. The idea that the clergy is responsible for the imposition of the tithe is absurd. Mr. George Middleton, Chairman of the Tithe Committee of Queen Anne's Bounty, very rightly pointed out at Saffron Walden, that if the Church were disestablished, the tithe-payers would be none the better off. The tithe would still have to be paid into the National Treasury and they would merely exchange the whips of Queen Anne's Bounty for the scorpions of the Treasury. Queen Anne's Bounty is no doubt doing its best in the difficult circumstances, but it is possible that things would be better, if it could constrain itself to modernise its methods. The present crisis is no moment for red tape.

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There is a great disinclination on the part of more than one leading Daily and Weekly Newspaper to publish either news or photographs of what have come offensively to be described as "Blood Sports." This reluctance is met in the most conservative and unexpected quarters. Papers which should support these things by right of tradition, policy, and the duty they owe the bulk of their readers, have conspired together to cast a mantle of silence over the doings of such people as fox, stag and other hunters, coursing men, and even the shooter. We notice for example the lack of interest of so excellent a paper as the *Field*, when it comes to reporting the doings of those who hunt the wild red stag under the fairest and most sporting conditions possible in Devon and Somerset. Other journals, equally and impeccably English in their outlook on other matters, are similarly faint-hearted.

Why is this? We discussed the matter this week with the Editor of one of our oldest and most conservative daily newspapers. His reply, bluntly was:—"Because so many old women write in and complain about it."

Now this attitude of mind is frankly inexcusable. It is as indefensible, as defeatist, as our impending surrender to the clamour of the noisy and uninstructed minority who wish to torpedo the principles of sane and responsible government in India. The sports of the field are as much a heritage of the Englishman, as his share in the ownership and government of the Empire. Shooting, fishing, hunting and the rest, have helped to mould our national character. They make for soundness of wind and limb, a clear eye and a clear head.

They breed tolerance, patience, endurance and hardihood. Surely all this needs no emphasis or repetition. They are as natural to the healthy man as the acts of eating or sleeping.

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And now because of the clamour of a town-bred, methodistically-minded collection of disappointed spinsters of both sexes, who cry "Cruelty!" whenever a fox is killed or a shot is fired, we are in grave danger of sacrificing, bit by bit, our freedom to pursue sports that are part of our heritage. In no other country in the world is deliberate cruelty to animals more carefully guarded against. If the fox-hunter or the pheasant shooter commits a deliberate or unnecessary act of cruelty, the law provides for his punishment. And the spinsters provide for the R.S.P.C.A. inspectors, who are there to see that the law bags its victim. All this should be plain enough. But while great and responsible newspapers continue to be terrified into silence by prejudiced clamour, so the enemies of sport will continue to be heartened and encouraged. After all, pheasant, stag, and fox, would not survive a year if shooting and hunting were abolished. But while they live their lives, if not unduly long, are at least merry. Life is a boon and sport concedes it to them.

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There is nothing ridiculous in the general mobilisation that has been decreed against the Colorado beetle. The infinitely small migrant from abroad can work more damage than an invading army. Phylloxera, the little beetle which came over from America with American vinestocks, is only just visible, yet it devastated the vineyards of Europe, and caused hundreds of million pounds worth of damage. Already that unobtrusive insect, the Colorado beetle, has worked havoc among the potato crops of France, and despite every effort on the part of the French authorities, it is approaching the Channel. There was every reason then that the discovery of a beetle or two at Tilbury should have compelled us to establish a state of siege. How it can have journeyed to Europe with the American troops is a mystery, but it first appeared at Bordeaux, where many American soldiers were quartered. "Ex America semper aliquid novi," and not always agreeable.

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All lovers of the classics will welcome the news that Dr. James Loeb has left under his will, an endowment of 300,000 dollars for the great library of classical authors, founded by him. Edited by such great scholars as Dr. T. E. Page and Dr. Rouse, the volumes of the Loeb

The Loeb Classics

classics have given to many busy men the opportunity of keeping their memories of Greek and Latin authors alive and never was a knowledge of the wisdom of the past more valuable than it is to-day.

* *

Americans always do things on the large scale. The late Professor Michelson wished to re-determine the velocity at which light travels. He, therefore, built a tunnel a mile long and a yard in diameter, which was so well constructed that a vacuum of 1-250th atmosphere could be maintained in it. Using this tube as a base, new experiments have been conducted, and the conclusions will shortly be published. From preliminary reports, it appears that the results obtained show a very definite periodic variation in the speed of light. If this result were confirmed, it would have considerable repercussions on the Theory of Relativity; but probably it is due to an instrumental variation. All this recalls the opinion recently advanced, that the speed of light is gradually decreasing with the passage of time. One almost wishes that all these claims were fully confirmed! It would be so difficult to reconcile them with our present views and it would be so interesting to try.

* *

The idea that tinned foods are not an unmixed blessing, is supposed to be gaining ground, and there are quite a number of people who prefer their food fresh. The **Tinned** vitamin, it is understood, does not flourish in a tin. Yet there are people who deliberately avoid what nature offers them, in preference for something canned in U.S.A. The other day a large car pulled up in front of a cottage in Gloucestershire, in the centre of a rich fruit and dairy district. Its owners got out and called for a pot of tea. They depended for their food on their own resources, a tin of Californian apricots and a tin of American preserved cream. Plums, luscious and ripe, were at their disposal for twopence a pound and for fourpence they could have had a good jug of real cream.

* *

The B.B.C. is nothing if it is not paternal, and its interest in its staff not infrequently becomes inquisitive to the point of impertinence. Lately it has been telling **So** its woman employees to discuss matters with the chief of the Welfare staff, if they are contemplating matrimony. This circular was followed up by a suggestion to married employees that they should inform the authorities if they expected to have a child. It goes without saying that the purpose of these Nosey Parker circulars, is wholly admirable. The B.B.C. wants to encourage its staff to marry and to

multiply—but it is to be feared that its good intentions will be consigned to the place which they can pave.

* *

It is still commonly believed that it is impossible to foretell whether halls specially built for concerts or meetings will be acoustically suitable. This belief is apparently shared even by some architects, although its falsity should have been demonstrated by the recent building of cinemas, specially planned to render possible excellent sound reception at every point in the auditorium. The result is that, in far too many cases, a good deal of money is wasted which should have been saved if a few pounds had been spent in consulting a practising physicist who would have been able, from an examination of the plans, to report on the acoustic properties of the proposed hall.

For many centuries the acoustic principles on which the ancients built their theatres and amphitheatres were forgotten. There was a time when it seemed a miracle that a whisper on the stage at Orange could be heard distinctly in the furthest corner of the auditorium. Now, however, science has recovered the lost knowledge of the past.

This development is the result of the intensive research work which has gone on during the last ten years, principally in the U.S.A. and in this country. It is to be hoped that the closely allied, and very urgent, problem of noise reduction will now receive attention. The loud speaker threatens to become an unmitigated nuisance, and really sound-proof walls would be a blessing.

* *

Elliot Has Got a Plan

Elliot has got a plan
To save our bacon if he can;
Yet not to tax the people's food
In case they're in a funny mood,
But rapidly to raise the price
By a more suitable device
Designed to give the Dane his due
And take it out of me and you.

Clearly so immense a brain
Would devise no scheme in vain,
But meet with glittering success.
Already there's a lovely mess.
The housewife's anger knows no bounds,
The Danes have gained four million pounds,
And, meanwhile, not a single sou
Is added to the revenue.

Though everyone's dissatisfied
No doubt he's duly gratified
That, angry as the nation waxes,
He has at least avoided taxes.
For all our modern Tory beauties
Spend their lives avoiding duties.

L.L.

The Meaning of the Irish National Guard

De Valera versus O'Duffy

[From a Correspondent in Ireland]

THE latest information from Ireland shows that the stage is being cleared for another general election—the third in two years. Mr. de Valera, eighteen months ago, with the support of Labour turned out the Cosgrave Government, which for ten years had given the Free State comparative order and security; in February last, he increased his lead and, though still glad of Labour as an ally in his socialistic programme, he now has a majority of one over all other parties. But his position is extremely precarious; his left wing, the I.R.A., which he dare not antagonise, has compelled him to embark on a programme of legislation, partly anti-British, partly Communistic, which has alarmed all the saner and more responsible elements in the population.

Measures to abolish the royal veto and the right of appeal to the Privy Council—among the few remaining remnants of British sovereignty; to extend adult suffrage to Local Bodies, thereby securing control of them and of their resources; to establish a land system giving the State unlimited powers of expropriation at market values (which his economic policy is steadily reducing to zero) and enabling him to replace the large holders, corresponding to the Russian *kulaks*, by his followers among the small owners or landless proletariat; all these measures have been rushed through the Dail, regardless of the protests of the Cosgrave and Centre or Farmers' parties, within the last few weeks. They are certain to be either radically amended or thrown out by the Senate, in which moderate and responsible opinion still predominates.

Faced with this prospect, Mr. de Valera, who is as astute as a politician as he is "unique" (to quote Mr. Lloyd George) as a negotiator, must decide on an early appeal to the electorate. If he wins and can show a mandate from the country, the Senate cannot hold up the objectionable measures, which are the bribes he offers to the electors, for more than three months. If he loses, and a small transfer of votes would wipe out his majority and drive him out of office, he will probably console himself with the reflection that the longer he delayed the election, the greater would be his defeat. In fact, he has everything to lose by delay.

The rapidly-growing paralysis of agriculture and industry; the fall of imports within the last year by one-third and of exports by one-half; the appalling depreciation in values of land, houses, stock, by from two-thirds to one-half during his tenure of office owing to the Tariff war with England, and the ruthless taxation; the steady flight of capital from the country, which will be accelerated if his spoliatory Land Bill becomes law; all these are indications that the country is being bled white. Not only the government itself, but a great portion

of the population, urban and rural, is heading straight for bankruptcy; and Mr. de Valera could not face next year's budget, to balance which a loan of several millions will be necessary, unless he can show that he has a mandate from the majority of the electors—the "Have Nots"—for the proposed spoliation of the "Haves." Moreover, the longer he delays, the greater the opportunity for his opponents, the Cosgrave party and the Centre party, to organise and perhaps to combine, or at least to unite against him as the common enemy. Above all, he is thoroughly alarmed, and with good reason, at the rapid growth of the National Guard, reorganised within the last few weeks by General O'Duffy, as a protest against the Sectarianism, Communism and even Atheism, with which the I.R.A., is believed to be tainted.

General O'Duffy represents the northern Kelt, more practical and realistic than his southern brother. As a general in the Free State Army and for over ten years head of the efficient Civil Guard or police force, he has shown rare powers of organisation; he makes no secret of the fact that party government is unsuited to a country like Ireland, and indeed most of the world outside Great Britain, where the majority cannot be trusted to deal fairly with the minority, and the minority will never willingly accept the rule of the majority; having studied the working of the present regimes in Italy and Germany, he admittedly aims at winning over the people of the Free State to acceptance of a system roughly resembling the Corporative State of Mussolini, in which each section would form a substantive part of a stable national system. That idea is novel to the Free State and will take time to establish itself among a people rooted in the traditions of partisan or sectarian politics. But, meantime, a large and rapidly increasing body of the people is coming to realise that in General O'Duffy and the forces already behind him, and those which he is rapidly enlisting, they are likely to find the best, if not the only, means of escape from the ruin inevitable under a continuance of the de Valera regime.

The coming election is therefore likely to be a trial of strength between the two protagonists, with perhaps the Cosgrave and the Centre party keeping in liaison with O'Duffy, who has able lieutenants in General Mulcahy and Mr. Blythe, and is more and more capturing the imagination even of the youth of both sexes, hitherto de Valera's most ardent supporters. It is also believed that the Church, which on the whole has hitherto supported him, is at last being alarmed by the spread of Communism, while the school teachers who were generally on his side, as one of themselves, are now estranged by the "cuts" in their salaries. Should unfortunately the struggle

lead to civil strife, the general opinion is that Mr. de Valera's I.R.A., even with their superior but illegal armaments, which he has winked at, would be no match for General O'Duffy's "Blue Shirts." But it would be idle to deny that Mr. de Valera, while he has aroused the bitter hatred of those whom he is steadily and purposely impoverishing, has still a great hold on the masses who benefit by his doles of free milk, by the cheapness of meat, milk, eggs, etc., resulting from the Tariff War, and who hope to benefit still more by his programme of land nationalisation. When he appeared last year at Thurles, where he opened his new campaign on 20th inst., an old woman exclaimed, "God bless you, shure since you came into power, the frying pan has never been off the fire"! While another shouted "Shure we'd ate grass for you"—a statement which cynical critics say is not unlikely ere long to come true. Mr. de Valera, though outwardly endowed with none of the traits that win popularity in Ireland, possesses an almost uncanny knowledge of the Irish character and can play on it as he wills.

And not least, his Spanish-American ancestry, so far from being a handicap is an asset. There is an old prophecy, attributed to Saint Columbcille that a Spaniard would drive the British out of Ireland. His opponents quote another version, viz., that a Spaniard would rule and ruin, and run from Ireland. The first two acts, they say, have been accomplished; they are now eagerly expecting the third. Hence the coming election will be a fateful one. If held over till the spring, de Valera would meet with certain defeat; if it takes place this autumn he has a gambler's chance. The I.R.A. is steadily pressing him to declare openly for an Irish republic; and he must soon show his hand. He doubtless realises that a republic, even if feasible, would be fatal to the interests of the Irish people at home and abroad, and that such an election cry would alienate far more votes than it would gain, for even he cannot fool all the people all the time. But one thing is clear. He cannot come to an agreement with England, without alienating the I.R.A., and that he cannot afford to do. He is now between the hammer and the anvil.

Danzig and Gdynia

By Robert Machray

Danzig.

THIS old beautiful Hanseatic city, long the capital and greatest port of the Southern Baltic, is as romantic and fascinating as ever both from its history and from what Baedeker in his cold, unemotional way calls its "antiquated appearance," but, at the moment at any rate, its commercial importance seems to be suffering a certain eclipse. I have heard it stated that Danzig is in fact in a tragic situation, as it is doomed to become a "dead" port, like Libau, the former "War-harbour" of Russia, within the next five years or so. But it is difficult to believe that this prophecy will be fulfilled.

What is true is that Danzig is paying a heavy penalty for its politics. When the Free City was constituted under the League of Nations, the idea which inspired the makers of that part of the Treaty of Versailles was that Danzig should revert to its old position of independence, the position it held, even during the Polish protectorate, throughout the Middle Ages, till it was "absorbed" by Prussia in the course of the second partition of Poland. The trouble was that during its occupation by Prussia it became so thoroughly Germanised that in 1919 there was no doubt whatever about its being a German town. The Danzigers, indeed, did not desire to have the status of a Free City at all, but remained stubbornly devoted to the Reich. To-day, with the Hitlerites in complete control, Danzig is passionately German. There appears to be no trace left of the tradition of independence, not even among the old "Patrician" families.

Yet it is not on Germany that Danzig depends for its existence to-day, any more than it did in the past. What made old Danzig a great port was its trade with Poland, the commerce of which before the Partitions came down to the big town at the mouth of the Vistula. All Old Poland was, to use our modern expression, the hinterland of Danzig; the same precisely is the case with the New Poland, for Danzig has and can have no other hinterland. The number of Poles, however, in the town and port is small; and since the Free City was brought into being the Danzigers have certainly not been at pains to make things easy for them or the Polish State. On the contrary, they have done their utmost to embarrass or defeat every Polish effort. At first they believed that Poland would soon go to pieces from her own political and financial incompetence, and they treated the Poles with great contempt. They thought that Danzig would be German again within a couple of years—or five at most. But time passed, and Poland, instead of disappearing from the map of Europe again, became stronger and stronger—a fact which increased the antagonism of the Danzigers to her.

A striking evidence of the growing strength of Poland is the port of Gdynia, which she has built about a dozen miles from Danzig. When that port was first mooted the Danzigers ridiculed the notion of such an undertaking by the Poles—it was "absurd"! For three or four years they continued to scoff at Gdynia, though they saw how rapidly after 1926 the port was being constructed—and well constructed—before their very eyes. Their bitterness may be imagined now when the trade of

Gdynia surpasses that of their own port. And they know that this is a process that will go on in accelerating measure with the growth of Poland. And they also know that their own unconciliatory policy is responsible to a very great extent for their present unfortunate situation.

Gdynia is certainly a wonder. In 1925 I visited the place, and saw only a huge hole in the sand, with a few fisher huts on the shore and a lone farm or two, so to speak, in the distance. In 1926 the first "mole" was constructed. To-day the total water area of the port is about 2,400 acres, with some 30,000 feet of wharves, equipped with the most up-to-date cranes and other machinery, as well as plenty of railways and warehouses. The flags of almost all nations are to be seen flying at Gdynia.

To one who, like myself, has seen the port grow from nothing to its present size and importance, the whole magnificent result is an extraordinarily impressive testimony to the competence of the Poles. In 1925 Gdynia had 200 inhabitants; it now has 40,000. The Polish port has developed into a truly formidable rival of Danzig. This, in my opinion, was inevitable in any case; but the competition would undoubtedly not have been so pronounced if the Danzigers had not antagonised the Poles at every point.

Still, the official attitude of Poland is that she needs both ports, and that so long as Danzig has its present political status as a Free City under the League she will send a large part of her trade to and through Danzig. She deliberately prefers giving her whole commerce as far as possible a south-north axis instead of an east-west axis, as under the former German and Russian régimes. And this policy makes Danzig very valuable to her as a second and alternative port to Gdynia.

What is to be feared is that the Danzigers may be so carried away by the Hitler programme as to sacrifice the interests of their really splendid port to politics. The city shows unmistakable signs of its adherence to Hitler in the Swastika flags flying from many buildings, and in the presence here and there of "Brown Shirts" and other Hitlerite uniformed organisations. Yesterday I saw a small Hitler army on the march through the streets to the swelling music of a well-known Hitler song.

But the city is orderly enough; business proceeds "as usual"; apparently the *mot d'ordre* has been given from Berlin, and there are no attacks on the Poles. But all this quiet and peace are merely on the surface; the Danzigers await some sign or signal from Berlin. That it will be given soon they have no doubt. What they do not seem to appreciate is the fact that the success of the Hitler programme spells ruin for themselves. It is all quite pitiful, really. For even if Germany was able to re-annex the "Corridor," she would never build up Danzig at the expense of Stettin and Königsberg, her chosen ports for this area for years before the War. Both Stettin and Königsberg are languishing; they too await some sign or signal, but it will have a very different meaning for them than for Danzig.

For centuries Britain has been deeply, if not vitally, interested in the Baltic trade. During the War the Baltic was converted, owing to the military and naval predominance of Germany in that quarter, into what was virtually a German lake, and shipping, other than German or Germanic, was excluded. A return to that state of things is an integral part of Hitler's programme. I wonder whether this is understood in England?

THEATRE

Lyric Theatre. "The Ace." By Herman Rossmann. English adaptation by Miles Malleon.

I HAD one continual impression throughout the three acts of "The Ace," a German war play of an air squadron rendered into English. That was of the greatness of an English playwright, Mr. R. C. Sherriff and of his war play, "Journey's End." Parenthetically I believe Mr. Sherriff to be a real dramatist destined at his own selected moment to give great plays to the English stage.

I thought always of "Journey's End" because it seemed to me so obvious that "The Ace" would not have been written without it. Here is again a study of fear and the conquest over fear in war. Here is again the coward who admits, and excuses, his cowardice. Here again the elderly and happy warrior, playing God's Providence to the nerve-wracked commander, who uses will-power and hard drinking to make Fear his servant, not his master. And again the comic batman, the robustious sergeant.

All of it again, but with differences. German for English—and this lands the adaptation in verbal absurdities, for the characters talk English (this in an English Captain, R.F.C. is excused by his knowledge of German) but the words "Majesty" and "Lieutenant" are always spoken in German. German for English, and so sentimentalism for more genuine feeling and hysteria for forces. There is a scene with a French cocotte, which might have been much less bore-some but which is clever in its avoidance of soliloquy or conversation with a dog because, as the girl cannot understand a word of German, the hero can unloose his soul. There is a bit of excellent "theatre" when the hero talks to the Kaiser on the telephone. There is drama in his discovery that, in shooting down his famous machine, he has not shot down the dreaded "Major," because the Major is on leave. There is a quite ridiculous ghost of a former commander of the squadron, who talks inane bosh.

Some of "The Ace" is boresome, some thrilling and some moving, while Mr. Raymond Massey carries it all on his shoulders by a really fine performance as Rittmeister Kurt von Hagen, the Ace. And both Mr. Cronin Wilson and Mr. Wilfrid Lawson played very well. But "Journey's End"; but R. C. Sherriff. These were the real thing.

G. C. P.

Birds of Death—II

By J. Wentworth Day

FAR gentler than these boding tales is the plain woodcraft of those who tell you that rooks will only leave a tree when the rot is at its heart—good country lore, but I like better to think that the rooks will only leave that tree when a witch has come in the night as they slept and prisoned a maid therein.

But rooks, as I said, are gentle things, not so black as they are painted—black, after all, is not their colour, for a rook in the eye of the sun will shine with a steel-blue iridescence as though he were clad in blue-black coat armour.

Have you ever known a man to say of the rook as Gower said of the raven in his *Confessio Amantis*?

A raven by whom yet men maie
Take evidence when he crieth
That some mishap signifieth.

Or to speak in such boding words as Marlowe's "Year of Malta":

Like the sad presaging raven that tells
The sick man's passport in her hollow low beak,
And, in the shadow of the sable night,
Doth shake contagion from her wing.

There is a pretty Welshman's tale of the rooks that guard a great castle whose face is set eastward to the English marches, against the day when the dead lord of that castle shall wake from his five-centuries' sleep.

Perhaps that, though, is but a play on the vigil of the ravens of Kaiserlauten, who sweep about the mountain-top whereunder lies Friedrich Barbarossa. They guard the great emperor who sleeps within the mountain until the day when the hill of Kaiserlauten shall open to the sun and he, the great Red-Beard, will wake again, and Prussia will arise mighty among the nations. Then there will be no more ravens flying about the hill, but only the distant croak of their voices as they flap above the standards of Imperial Prussia and the roll of marching armies swells on the wind.

But if the ravens are good friends to Barbarossa, they are omens of death to the Hapsburgs. When Francis Joseph began his troubled and unhappy reign at Olmutz, ravens flew over the town and a raven followed the Archduke Maximilian and his wife about their garden on the day before they left on that Imperial journey to Mexico, which was to end in the Archduke's death and the madness of his Archduchess-Empress—that tragic woman who died a few years ago in Belgium.

The Hapsburg raven foretold death also for the Empress Elizabeth, for one swooped down upon her and knocked a peach from her hand as she walked in the woods above Territet. The next day she was assassinated in Geneva.

There is a hoodie crow to-day who haunts the gardens of the Elysees whenever evil is to fall on France, and even the cynical Parisians will tell you that he is 154 years old and a sure prophet of death.

This bird is dark grey, and he first appeared, according to records at Versailles, in 1785. Marie

Antoinette fell into a dead faint when she saw the bird of death. She was carted to the guillotine not long after.

Again the crow reappeared just before President Carnot was assassinated, and another visit was the prelude to the death of President Faure. Small wonder that Paris believes in this bird of blood.

Ghoulis and horrible is that other poetic legend of the raven which Noah sent out from the Ark to find land, but which stayed to gorge on the dead bodies floating on the waters:

Of that flesh was he so fain,
To Schip came he never again.

The Koran says that it was a raven which taught Cain how to bury his murdered brother. * Cain had walked many days on the earth with the body on his back, an awful accusing burden which he dare not drop and knew not where to hide. Suddenly he saw two ravens fighting, and when one had slain the other it dug a hole with its beak and buried it. So Cain did likewise with the body of Abel.

But more terrible than all were the ravens of Odin, which flapped before the Viking ships and croaked hoarsely above the reddened surf of England when the shipmen of the Lochlannoch—the "men of the lakes and fells"—fought and hacked the Saxons in the surge and the tide-line was dotted with the stark bodies of men.

The black raven flag, cut so that it bellied in the wind like the wings of the bird itself, flew from the mastheads; stuffed and carven ravens perched like pilots of death on the prows of the war boats, and the live ravens who went with the sea kings as compasses, croaked with glee above the carnage that meant their victory feast.

When next you stand, as I have often stood, on a lonely East Anglian beach, and see the sea mists roll up grey out of the north; when the wild geese bay like hounds overhead, the curlew cry in the fog, the surges boom and crinkle up all the long miles of tide-line—when these things happen, and then out of the silence of sea and drowned land about you there come drifting in the grey hooded crows from Scandinavia, the "Denchman" of the longshore Norfolk gunners, you may watch them flop down on the sands, hop clumsily to the tide-line for fruit of the sea, and thus see again a play of the days when the Vikings burnt thorpe and hamlet; when shield clanged on shield; when the banked oars threshed and fell; when the smoke of a scarred and burning countryside rose on the wind and the ravens croaked and wheeled in the sea mist that lay heavy on the smitten shore.

The spirit of those old, well-lost, savage days is not hard to find again if you will go to the tide-line in a dawn after storm, when the sea-fog thickens down, the ship bells ring, and the grey crows hunt the shore for stiff bodies. They are the cousins of the raven, inheritors of his tradition, scavengers who tread in the footprints of the warriors.

Mrs. Langtry had a strange tale to tell of another bird, whose reputation is as black as his feathers are fine—the peacock. Legends of ill-omen have always clung about this bird.

Mrs. Langtry believed that all her early troubles when her home in Norfolk Street, Park Lane, was sold up were due to the malignant influence of a stuffed peacock which the late Lord Warwick had given her.

After the sale of the "effects," Lady Lonsdale wrote to Mrs. Langtry to say that she had only just heard of the auction at the last moment, and had rushed in to save what she could, but had only succeeded in buying the peacock!

"The Jersey Lily" once again had to find a home for her evil spirit, or, as she called it, "the

vindictive bird, which immediately restarted dealing me heavy blows."

Calamity followed calamity, the worst being the loss of her brother Maurice, who, after shooting a sacred peacock in India, was mauled by a tiger and died.

Finally, Mrs. Langtry decided, in despair, to give the evil bird to Oscar Wilde, with whom she had just had a quarrel!

She left it in the house in Tite Street, Chelsea, which he shared with Frank Mills, the painter, but Mills took it for himself, and immediately became its victim. His father died, his engagement was broken off, and he contracted an illness from which he never recovered. And that is a true tale.

The Catalan Renaissance

ONE of those politico-intellectual movements that so often accompany revolutions or nationalist upheavals is noticeable in Catalonia to-day. It is called the Catalan Renaissance. How far it is a true expression of real growing intellectual forces and how far it is the result of political and ultra-nationalist propaganda is difficult to decide, though the tendency of its actions and publications and an examination of the organisation behind it raise more than a suspicion that politics is the predominant partner.

The Catalans were an important power in the middle ages, when they were linked first with the Kingdom of Aragon and subsequently with Castille and when Barcelona rivalled Genoa and Venice. The renaissance of their commercial and material power during the last half century until they again have one of the most important ports of the Mediterranean and the workshop of Spain is truly amazing. Yet this new movement does not concern itself with this material renaissance, of which any people might well be proud, but with the less obvious one of the literature and poetry of Cataluna. It is not possible in the limits of a short article to give an account of the authors who have taken part in the movement, but it is true to state that, during the past half century and more especially during the past few years, more and more works have been published in the Catalan language while cultivated people now talk Catalan increasingly instead of Spanish.

This tendency has been particularly marked since the advent of the Republic, but it seems to an observer that this literary movement has accompanied but not led the political nationalist movement, which first became important in recent years under the leadership of the politicians Senores Cambo and Ventosa in the first decade of this century and reached its first goal with the passing of its recent statute of autonomy.

The Catalan renaissance movement is celebrating this year its centenary, for it dates itself from the birth of the poet Ariban in 1833, and it is this celebration that has brought a little-known movement before the public.

It is definitely true that there exists a Catalan literature of the 14th and 15th centuries of which Ramon Lull (Raymond Lully) and Bernat Metge are perhaps the best known, but it was so overshadowed in the subsequent centuries by the greater prodigality and brilliance of the Castilian literature of the golden age as to be little known until Catalan literary and political enthusiasts began to rescue it from oblivion during the last half of the 19th century and in what has passed of the 20th.

Like all movements this one has its prophets and its protagonists declare that it was inspired by Sir Walter Scott. This is probably true, for Scott can be said to have in his novels rediscovered the middle ages and the time of the Troubadours, whose language was the precursor of the present Catalan.

An interesting ceremony, which illustrates the belief in the connections with Sir Walter Scott, recently took place near the monastery of Montserrat, an especially holy shrine of the Roman Church, which is the object of yearly pilgrimages for tens of thousands of the faithful. Notwithstanding the fact that the Spanish Roman Catholic are notoriously intolerant of protestants, an English protestant clergyman was induced by the leaders of the Renaissance movement to organise a ceremony to plant on this spot a plant of white heather brought especially from Sir Walter Scott's home. The ceremony took place in the presence of the President of Catalonia and speeches of political significance were made on one side in English and on the other in Catalan and the press made much of it.

Persistent rumour however has it that the next morning, when the man charged with watering the plant went to do so, he found no heather but a cabbage in its place. Being, however, a man of resource and, as white heather is one of the common indigenous plants of that region, he speedily replaced the cabbage with a plant torn from the hill side and it will doubtless continue to flourish until it is forgotten.

Joy

By Dr. W. H. D. Rouse

"JOY is my name." What a thing to say! It is not difficult to guess who said it, or what poet made him say it: but can any one say that now?

What is joy? It is not the same as happiness, but it cannot be without happiness. "I happy am: Joy is my name"; for joy is the expression of happiness—you dance for joy.

Whenever I hear that saying, a scene flashes before my mind's eye. The place is a wayside village in Crete. A little girl of about six years is standing in front of a family group, all rather abashed at the sight of a stranger in the rough garb of travel. The hair which frames her face is of a deep purple-black, and cut straight across the forehead; her eyes are of the same deep hue. Arms and legs are bare, brown, and healthy; her dress is a short frock of home-spun linen, light brown in colour. She is all eyes, gazing at the stranger, with the unfathomable curiosity of a child.

He offers his gift. The little girl puts out her hand, and takes a small doll of two or three inches in length. One instant she gazes at the doll, forgetting the universe: then she dances for joy, really dances, as graceful as a kitten. She stops, touches the tiny cap, which actually comes off, turns up the tiny apron and petticoat, sees a complete outfit, down to socks and shoes, which all take off, and dances again; but this time she holds it up to her mother, and the whole group in a moment is absorbed in this "new little sister from England."

Do you think a man would not dance for joy? What of Finlander Kid, who lived for seventy-five years alone in the forests of North Canada? When he was a hundred and three years old, in 1907, he jumped for joy to see an array of locksmith's tools; and when the locksmith had mended his traps, you should have seen how pleased the old man was! The Eskimos stared at him in amazement, and wondered if he had not gone mad, because he danced about and shouted so much. He had a beard seven feet long.

Perhaps that seems very far from Aristotle's definition of happiness, as the active exercise of the soul's faculties in conformity with the most excellent virtue. That, as he says, is the work of a whole lifetime; but to dance for joy is a good beginning. And who will despair of the world, so long as children can dance for joy? In England, at least, they can. We have got rid of the bitter want of the middle ages, and the heartless cruelty of the factories, and we are getting rid of the slums. But even in the slums there is generally enough to eat, and the children are kindly treated, so that we can see them dance for joy even to a barrel-organ. The country-bred are quite happy; for they have plenty to eat, and they live amid the lovely surroundings of nature: they are as happy as the birds, and as ready to dance and sing. This joy is one that grown men can

easily share. It is joy to be alive on the downs in summer, or under the trees in a pasture, or sailing a boat on the sea. Who misses the greasy mechanical toys which grown-up people play with? How vain it is to seek for joy by the active exercise of a machine in conformity with the most excellent regulations of the police!

These are bodily joys, and so on a lower level than the little girl's joy in her doll, which was in the main a joy of the imagination. But a hungry boy would jump for joy, at the least, if you gave him a cake; and a hungry man, pleasantly tired after a ride on the downs, might clap his hands, if he were not so self-conscious, at the sight of a real English loaf, and real English cheese and butter, and a tankard of real English nut-brown ale. How wise our forefathers were! Every local court, whatever it did or did not, at every meeting, used to take care that there should be an abundance of good bread and good ale in the place, and sold at the lowest price that would give a profit. It is on record that a certain Yorkshire town (not Lord Snowden's birthplace) punished a brewer of bad ale, by condemning him first to drink a gallon of his own brew, then to have the rest poured over his head, and lastly to be kept in prison at the king's pleasure. How far we have gone from that wisdom, when English wheat is left to rot, and English ale made a luxury! If only one person with common sense should once appear in one government, he could diffuse contentment all over the country—a thing worth paying for, since discontent is the forcing-bed of sedition.

Noble wine has its joy also, but too deep for words, and with too much of the soul for dancing. It is like great poetry in the inward thrill, and like great music in the conviction which it gives that there is harmony in the heart of the universe. But no joy can come from a cocktail, nothing but a kick.

Can we see anything in common between the child's dance for joy, and the profound thrill which is given by the words of a great poet, or the sounds of great music? One thing is self-unconsciousness: body, mind, and spirit seem to be joined into one, and there is no room for anything but the feeling, or the vision, or the revelation which is that one whole. That is the reason why there is no joy in any soul along with envy, or hatred, or malice. Such things are tyrants, and tolerate no gods but themselves: they are like Baal and Moloch, and burn up their victims. With them no happiness can be, and therefore no joy. But where there is health and kindness, the grown man can be as happy and as joyous as a child.

Some may not go far beyond using the simple pleasures of life, or listening to the birds in the trees: "There's the wind on the heath, brother; there's night and day, both sweet things; sun, moon, and stars, brother, all sweet things." Others may find the lark's song made not more

divine, but more complex, in Mozart's music, irrepressible, unwearied, inexhaustible. Or the nightingale in Bach, with those melodies infinite in variety, ever flowing, intertwining, which seem as though they would never end, and you pray they never may. Duets of voice and wind, like the tenor and flute in the Mass in B minor, or contralto and oboe in one of the cantatas, suggest how the nightingale might sing in heaven. For the nightingale is not a plaintive singer of dirges: his song is the voice of gladness after great tribulation, which can be heard so often in Bach.

The child is not yet able to feel joy in such things; but if the man wishes to feel joy in them,

or anything else, he must first become as a little child. He must forget his own name, and lose himself in his joy, whether it be the simple joy of the child, or some vision called up by poet or musician: such a vision as has been put into words in Dante's *Paradise*, where it rises like a Psalm of degrees to splendour ineffable and overwhelming.

"I have no name:

"I am but two days old."

What shall I call thee?

"I happy am,

"Joy is my name."

Sweet joy befall thee!

Shooting Stars

By J. A. Lauwerys

ALMOST everyone has noticed the flashing by of a shooting star. Given patience, they are not difficult to observe, all that has to be done is to gaze steadily at any part of the sky for five minutes. In that time, one or more will be seen. But, use a watch! Five minutes will seem a long time.

For centuries discussion went on as to the nature of these strange flashes. In spite of the decision recorded by the Paris Academy of Science, about a hundred and fifty years ago, that "nothing solid could come out of the sky," there is now no doubt that they are due to portions of matter ("meteorites") which, coming from outer space and attracted by the earth, enter our atmosphere. They travel at high speed and, owing to the frictional resistance offered by the air, get very hot until they glow (about 100 miles up) and are usually completely burnt up, thus failing to reach the ground.

This blanketing effect of our atmosphere is very fortunate for us. Life would become very unpleasant if we suffered from a continuous extra-terrestrial bombardment. And the atmospheric dust they provide has its use. The particles act as nuclei on which raindrops can condense.

Now, in some cases the shooting star happens to be travelling in the same direction as we are. In this case it may travel comparatively slowly and, owing to lessened friction, part of it may reach the surface of the earth. This is an unusual circumstance, certainly, and the death rate from meteorites is not high; but there are plenty of specimens to be seen at every museum. I have myself found one on the South Downs. It weighed about a pound and a half; and on analysis I found it to consist mainly of nickel and iron.

They are not usually bigger than this, but two giants are known: one in Siberia, the other in Arizona. It is also thought that on a few occasions a whole swarm struck the earth. For instance, in Carolina there are a number of curious elliptical depressions, known locally as "bays," which were probably due to a rain of giant meteorites; and aerial surveys will probably reveal other instances of the same sort.

We must be thankful that the Giant Siberian Meteorite did not land in the City, but preferred a deserted region. It fell in the Enisseisk district on the 30th June, 1908. It destroyed forests over an area of 3,000 square miles. Twelve miles from the centre, all trees and plants were scorched by the high temperature produced. Earthquake waves travelled round the globe.

At the present time, expeditions are sent every year by the Russian Government in the hope of finding the giant projectile. The exact place at which it buried itself has not yet been located, and no doubt it lies deep. But in the end success will crown the efforts of the searchers.

In Arizona, also, Mr. D. M. Barringer has for many years been trying to find the shooting star which lies buried somewhere beneath "Meteor Crater." The impact here must have been tremendous. Rocks were shattered and great blocks of limestone were forced up. The date at which the meteorite fell is not known with certainty. Very old trees grow on the rim of the crater, so it must have been more than six or seven hundred years ago. On the other hand, very little erosion has taken place, so it must have been less than five thousand years ago. The local Indians still have some sort of tradition of a fiery descent from Heaven, which probably shows a connection with the arrival of the star. It had always been assumed that the great mass of metal would be found by digging in the centre of the crater, but recent observations and experiments make it probable that it lies under the southern edge. Mr. Barringer therefore proposes to sink a pit to a depth of about 1,400 feet, about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile south of the rim, and then run horizontal shafts northwards. He is encountering much difficulty owing to the influx of water which turns the powdered rock flour to a quicksand, but he hopes to overcome this difficulty by surrounding the shaft with concrete.

But why all this trouble? Well, as might be expected, there is a lot of money to be had. The Arizona meteorite is estimated to weigh ten million tons, and is probably very pure nickel-iron.

The Siberian Giant is certainly not smaller,

Once found, mining costs would be low.

There is another interesting and by no means fantastic possibility. Meteorites often contain traces of rarer metals. One dare not let one's imagination run riot and say: Suppose it was almost pure gold! But suppose that either of the giant shooting stars contained a trace of gold, say one part in a thousand. Then the Arizona meteorite would

contain more gold than the total quantity possessed by all the Central Banks of the world.

And to complete our speculation: If Russia won the race and found its meteorite first, and if it did not contain a small percentage of gold, what would be the effect on our economic system? Would the Soviets succeed in carrying out their second five-year plan?

The First

By Guy C. Pollock

MIDAS is not astir on the first. Not, at all events, through the stubbles and roots of England. He is on his grouse moor, in his deer forest, in Madeira, at Le Touquet, in his yacht or in the counting house. Perchance he sleepeth. At all events this game of walking up partridges is not for him. "Not good enough, my lad—hot, arduous, and absurdly easy shooting. No sport at all."

I submit that he is wrong. Of course partridges should be driven, for the sake of the stock and for the sake of really pretty and difficult shooting; and of course they shall be. It is worth sitting on a shooting stick behind a good tall hedgerow or nestling closely into a poor little hedge, imitating a nut bush or a hawthorn as nearly as possible, and enduring the nervous agonies of waiting in order to hear the far whistle and to meet the covey coming over, seeing the guns, splitting, chattering, swerving and swooping on in their desperate hurry. This is where you must be quick and clever to pick two reasonable birds—much more so four—and kill with at least one barrel.

But all arable land, where partridges thrive, is not suitable for driving. Take the farm over which a few of us are walking to-day. It is tucked in between boundary roads and woods; the acreage is small; the lie of the land is wrong. If we drove the partridges there we should drive them right off the ground into the laps of less stupid neighbours; we might get four brace if we held very straight where we shall, with luck, get ten brace by walking. In an ordinary year walking on the first of September may be an illusion, for few things bring a sense of frustration more complete than the disturbing of a covey which flies at once into a field of standing barley or the conviction that there, in an otherwise empty land, would be found both bird and beast. But in this miraculous year of completed harvest the frustration will be of bad shooting, wild coveys, thin and patchy roots.

At the best these Southern root fields are hardly worth mentioning. If you want to see real roots you must go further—to Cumberland, for instance, where, for the only time in my life, I really knew this kind of partridge shooting as the books have described it. Then one other gun and I walked into a root field which had received two coveys from the stubbles besides, no doubt, harbouring others. And they were split. They rose in ones, twos, and threes and we killed ten brace there much too easily.

Never mind. We shall have to use some field craft and to walk a great deal and to earn the bag by the sweat of our brow. It will all look and smell and be very jolly and modest and kind of boyish. There will be harvest bugs, too. But we shall not know how good a bag the harvesters have made until about dinner time. We shall walk in a vain hope till then.

And there will be Judy. Judy the matron now, and outwardly a little calmer. But the same wayward, obstinate, self-willed, brilliant, generous Judy in the heart of her. They say that spaniels are greatly improved as gun-dogs by having puppies, becoming staid, and biddable. They say.

Blind Raftery Remembers Ballylee

With solace and pleasure of mind I'll be taking my ease

At the turn of the year, if I'm spared, in Ballylee,
In a warm house of feasting, with songs, and the telling of tales,

In the midst of my friends, and Mayo, 'twill be well there with me.

My choice above all the world is that place to the west,

With a good fire in front of me there, I'd care not a jot

If the seven wide seas were roaring beneath the wrath of the winds,

And I with a full jug before me, and meat in the pot.

I'll be herd to the birds of the air in my hurry to win

My way to the house of Mary Hynes, beside the strong sea,

And I know, as a moon on the wave, she'll come meeting me over the hill,

And never was music better than the word of her mouth to me.

As a tree of the trees in the wood hears the call of the voice of spring,

I hear in this brawling town a call in the heart of me,

So, at the turn of the year, I'll set my face to the road,

To meet at its end with—A thousand welcomes, O, Stranger to Ballylee.

CATHAL O'BYRNE.

SHORT STORY

After Two Years

By Hugh Longden

THE big Irishman, Mat, walked along the sidewalk of the little town in the middle West.

He was only thirty, but he walked a little older, a little more hunched and tired than that: with less fire than he had walked along the same sidewalk two years ago. Then there had been a kind of swagger in his stride, and no furtiveness.

The man, Mat, had just been released from prison. It wasn't one of the easy terms. He'd had a hard sentence. They did not give you movies twice a week in his prison.

Mat was looking for the girl Dolly. He'd been sent to prison because of her. But now that he was free he was looking for her.

He found there was no one living in the house where she used to live with her mother. Mat was not really surprised about this. He was only disappointed, because it meant he would have to look further. Somehow he knew without asking that she'd be somewhere around the same town—their town.

He walked away from the house along the hard sidewalk in the evening sunlight, but he did not notice the red splendour of the sky, because he was remembering things about Dolly and wondering about her. He was thinking about how she would receive him. Somehow he knew he'd find her all right.

Dolly would be nineteen now. Mat could remember when she was four. He used to take her for walks down to the candy store and look after her when her mother was busy. Best of all he could remember her when she was seventeen. For two years he'd remembered her like that. He wondered if it was possible that she could still be as sweet and lovely as then. . . .

He walked, now, in the direction of Joe's saloon. The people there would know he'd just come out of prison and they'd remember why he'd been sent there. But he didn't care about that because he had to find Dolly. That was the only thing he had to do. And Joe would know.

When he got to Joe's, he went straight into the parlour. It was empty except for Joe, who was arranging bottles of soft drinks behind the bar counter. The little Italian bar keeper turned round and looked at Mat without speaking. He knew quite well it was Mat, but he was noticing how he had changed. He didn't seem to be quite so tall and broad. His face had lost its old copper-beaten tan, and his blue eyes had become greyer. They had lost, Joe thought, something of their quickness. And in prison he had grown a beard—a little darker than his flaming red hair. Joe observed these things. But he knew it was Mat all right.

Mat leant over the bar, towering above the little man. "Where would I be findin' Dolly Varden, now?" he said.

Joe remembered Mat's habit of clipping his g's.

He looked at him quizzically. His mouth smiled at Mat, but his eyes didn't. They were

hard and cold as ice.

"So it's you, Mat," he said.

"Sure it's me," Mat said. "And I'm asking you where I'll be findin' Dolly."

Joe stopped smiling with his mouth.

"I wouldn't of thought you'd be wanting to see her, Mat."

Mat gripped hold of the edge of the counter with his hands, spread far apart. He was glad there was no one else inside the bar yet.

"Lissen," he said. "I want to know where she lives now." Joe didn't say anything, but he went on looking at Mat. Then he said: "I forget."

"You'd better spill it," Mat said. "I wouldn't want to be joggin' your memory." He was like a hawk poised, hovering over a fat little sparrow, and his tone was fierce and relentless. Joe knew that look and that voice. He let his mouth smile again: "She's got an apartment above Tony's," he said. "Swell place," he added. "She's doing pretty well in business since you left her." This time his eyes smiled too, reminiscently. But Mat wasn't standing over him any more to see. He was outside the saloon, heading for Tony's cabaret.

The sun had set and the sky was blood red. It would get dark very quickly and Mat wanted to see how Dolly looked in daylight, so he hurried.

He ran up the narrow stairs to the apartment above Tony's and walked straight in on Dolly, without knocking. She was sitting in front of the mirror combing her long blonde hair.

When she saw his reflection in the mirror she did not move, but her blue eyes, looking at him from the glass, became wider, more staring. She must have forgotten he would be free to-day. Surely she must have known, Mat thought. But she had forgotten.

When she stood up and turned around and faced him her hair reached quite a way down below her knees. It was beautiful soft, silky hair. Mat remembered how silky it was. But he hardly remembered the painted mask of her face. . . . Somehow he had not expected to see her any different from the last time he had seen her. The memory he'd had of her faded away, like a trick dissolve shot in a movie, and left him with this reality.

He had not expected the full young mouth to change into a narrow, painted gash: and he wondered how the familiar blue eyes could become so deep sunk, with shadows under them.

Mat stood there silent, almost forgetting what he'd come for. Then he remembered, and he knew he wanted to go through with it—even now.

Dolly was standing before him, calm now, waiting for him to speak. She looked calm, but inside, underneath, Mat knew that she was afraid. He remembered how her eyes looked when she was afraid. . . .

"Well, Dolly, here I am. I've come back to you." For a moment his eyes left her face and wandered round the room. Joe had been right. It was a swell place.

"Some joint," he said absently.

"Yes, Mat I've got a nice place of my own now." The hardness in her voice pulled Mat's eyes suddenly back to her face. There was fear in the voice too. Mat knew that if there hadn't been rouge on her cheeks they would have been drained of colour.

"You sure look different," he said.

"You haven't changed much, Mat." She said this, but Mat knew she didn't mean it.

"Two years is a long time," he said.

"It doesn't seem that much," Dolly said.

"I came straight to you after they let me out, Dolly."

"I know . . . Why did you, Mat? . . . I should of thought you'd had enough of me. You ought to know when you've had enough of a thing, Mat."

"I didn't have enough of you," Mat said. "I hardly had time to start with you. But I'll be makin' up for it."

"It wasn't my fault, Mat. Not really."

"I know. You wouldn't be doin' a thing like that. You don't have to tell me."

The palms of Dolly's hands were damp. With one finger she was tapping the back of the chair, standing close to it, and holding on to it. She tried to keep her voice calm, nonchalant.

"I told Mother, Mat—that's all. . . I told her 'cos I was afraid about us. . ."

"I suppose you told her that night . . . The night you were goin' to come away with me and get married . . ."

"Yes, Mat."

"Would that be why the cops met me at the station instead of you?" There was no anger in Mat's voice: only curiosity.

"I guess so . . . I'm sorry, Mat. I couldn't know it would mean all that. I thought maybe Ma would help us."

"She helped us all right," Mat said. "What did she say when you told her?"

"Told me to get to hell out of her house." The girl laughed when she said this. In the laugh she released some of her nervousness.

"Then what?" Mat said. He still kept his voice steady, controlled, remembering what he'd come for, and not regretting it.

"Then—I got out . . . And then I suppose she must have told them about you . . . I've been out ever since."

"I reckon she must have," Mat said. For a moment the room was drenched in silence. Then Mat broke it: "Hell," he said, "I don't care about all that now. Lets forget about it. It doesn't matter—now." His voice, Dolly noticed, was strong, vital—like it used to be. He wasn't hunched any more, but he stood up straight before her, ready for her.

"All right," she said. "What d'you want to do?" Both her hands gripped the back of the chair.

"I still want to marry you," Mat said. "That's

what I've come for, Dolly."

The girl did not say anything. Mat advanced a step towards her, but she did not come into his arms, as for two years he had dreamed of her coming. She did not do that. But she sat down in the chair in front of the mirror and took a cigarette out of a silver box on the dressing table.

"That's pretty nice of you, Mat," she said. Mat noticed how the hand holding the match to light her cigarette trembled.

"What d'you say, Dolly?" He could hear his heart thumping—thumping and listening.

"It's too late, Mat. It was too early then—I was too young. . . But now it's too late. Two years is a long time to wait."

"It's a hell of a time," Mat said, "but I've waited."

The girl was taking short puffs at her cigarette, inhaling deeply—too deeply.

"You couldn't very well help waiting—in prison." Then, right after, she wished she hadn't said that. She went on quickly: "I wouldn't be able to settle down to marriage now. You see, Mat, I've kind of got used to excitement and variation." She smiled at him for the first time. "But you can stay here as often as you like now," she went on. "To-night for instance. . . I guess you'll be wanting a bed to-night, Mat. I was going out, but I'll tell him I can't make it, as it's your first night out for two years." This time she laughed at him—a thin, queer laugh without any fun in it. "You won't have to go to prison for it this time. I'm nineteen now, Mat, so everything's all right."

Once Mat had loved this girl. Maybe it had been in another lifetime. . . He had waited two years to make her his wife. Two years in prison, because they wouldn't let him marry her before. And she stood there saying this to him. . .

All at once something snapped inside of him. He understood what he heard, and what he saw in the room. He came to her in the chair, knelt down and put his arms around her neck, his fingers touching her white throat at first gently.

Suddenly there was terror in her eyes.

"Don't Mat! You're hurting me. . ."

"Lissen!" Mat said. "I'll be goin' to prison this time just the same!"

In the street outside Tony's cabaret the passers by heard a girl scream.

Horse Guards at Hyde Park Corner

A magic moment that each morning brings!

Hushed is the traffic stridency—a course
Spreads clear athwart the maze. It is the King's

Highway! Cuirass and sabre, man and horse,
Make stately passage—here and there a head

Is bared to the King's colour, and a gleam
Of sunshine floods the equipage—a red

And gold and silver-scintillating dream.

As in a dream they pass—of better days

Before democracy-on-wheels held sway:

Crimson-envisioned gleam of better ways

Of love and loyalty. There dawns the day

E'en now when England shall awake to see

The plumes of pageant prove her sovereignty.

J. LONSDALE BRYANS.

SERIAL

The Surrender of an Empire

By Mrs. Nesta H. Webster

Mrs. Webster's remarkable work issued by the Boswell Printing & Publishing Co., went into a second edition in 1931 and is now being republished in a popular edition at 7s. 6d. It was and is, in our opinion, a book of fundamental importance for all who would understand the politics of the modern world. We therefore hold it a privilege to reprint week by week extracts from this illuminating history.

Under these circumstances the British policy of reasoning with Germany was futile, and that portion of the British public which had not been misled by pro-German propaganda was wholeheartedly with France in her effort to make Germany pay. Sir Allan Smith, M.P., Chairman of the Managing Committee of the Engineering Employers' Federation, wrote at this juncture:

One thing arises from the present hotch-potch of the world's international affairs—that Germany, who has not "played the game" since the Armistice, has been brought face to face with realities by the bold French action in the Ruhr. . . . France alone among the nations has realised that the present state of affairs cannot continue. It is for this reason that her policy in the Ruhr should help in finding a way out of the present tangle of international finance.²

This is no doubt what would have happened if France had not been hampered in her action by the British Government, which, under pressure from the Labour Party and the International financiers, weakened still further in its attitude to Germany. In vain France pleaded that Britain should at least lend her moral support (Note of June 11, 1923); the British Government returned an evasive answer. Debates in the Lords and the Commons led to no conclusions; Colonel Gretton, however, on July 30, dared to warn the House that the Government was drifting into a breach with France, and to urge whole-hearted co-operation with the French.

The climax was reached with Lord Curzon's "unfortunate" Note to France on August 11, in which the legality of the French advance into the Ruhr was questioned and the opinion was expressed that Germany's power to pay was thereby likely to be rapidly diminished. The overbearing tone of the missive, the tactless reference to the "ease" with which France had paid the indemnity imposed on her by the Prussians in 1871—a task accomplished only through heroic sacrifices on the part of the French people—the statement made that the policy of occupying the Ruhr was "doomed to failure" and the excuses made for German evasions naturally created widespread indignation in France and elation in Germany.

The result was the complete collapse of the mark.

But the French were equal to the occasion. Monsieur Poincaré kept his temper admirably, and in a firm but courteously worded reply once more explained the French position and reiterated the impossibility of France paying her debt to Great Britain if she was not to receive the payment due

to her from Germany. The unyielding tone of this letter had the effect of breaking down passive resistance in the Ruhr, to the advantage not only of the French, but of the population in that region.

The sincere desire of the French to forget past injuries and renew friendly relations with Great Britain was shown on the occasion of Mr. Baldwin's visit to Paris in the autumn of 1923. Mr. Baldwin, who had succeeded Mr. Bonar Law as Prime Minister on the latter's resignation, owing to illness, on May 20 of that year, was believed to be a true friend of France and received a popular ovation on his arrival in Paris on September 19. The conversation that took place between Mr. Baldwin and Monsieur Poincaré was reported to have been of the most cordial nature.

Unfortunately, at this crisis, Lord Curzon saw fit to throw his weight again into the scale on the side of Germany. To quote the *Annual Register*, which cannot be suspected of undue bias, in its account of the Imperial Conference which took place in October:

Lord Curzon criticised France with a sharpness hardly in keeping with the "atmosphere of confidence" which was supposed to have been generated in the interview between Mr. Baldwin and Monsieur Poincaré, and though he still protested against any accusation of pro-Germanism he persisted in representing the occupation of the Ruhr as a policy leading to disaster and ruin.

General Smuts went farther and asked for a revision of the Treaty of Versailles, which he himself had signed. To quote the *Annual Register* again:

He then called attention pointedly to the menace of French militarism and deprecated a policy of excessive generosity on the part of England or America which would have the effect of enabling France still more effectively to foster and subsidise militarism on the Continent. He admitted that *France had been left in the lurch by Great Britain and America through not obtaining the Treaty of Guarantee which had been promised her [my italics]*, and had naturally adopted a policy of force as an alternative. But France knew from her own history and traditions that there was a nobler way, and he appealed to France in the day of her victory and greatness not to forget her noble historic mission as the great bearer of the liberal tradition in Europe.³

But France, essentially practical in her outlook, is not given to striking attitudes in order to display her virtues before the world, and she saw no reason why she should be asked to sacrifice her hope of reparations and security from aggression on the altar of "Liberal tradition."

² *Evening News*, February 7, 1923.

³ *Annual Register* for 1923, pp. 106-11.

SERIAL

The appeal of General Smuts was typical of the unreality that pervades all these post-War Conferences where facts are perpetually subordinated to theories and actions replaced by "gestures." This is particularly the case with the British representatives, whose tendency to believe that what they want to happen is an accomplished fact places them at a disadvantage between the opposing Realist camps of French and Germans. Just now they wanted to believe that Germany had renounced all ideas of aggression, and General Bingham, British representative on the Allied Military Control commission in Germany, was alleged in the *Matin* to have declared that Germany had been completely disarmed. Yet the last Note of the Allied Ambassadors' Conference stated quite plainly that the military clauses of the Treaty had not been fulfilled.

France knew this quite well, she knew that Germany was still neither physically nor morally disarmed, and it was largely to check the illegal activities of her militarist organisations that France decided to occupy the Ruhr.

These associations, described in the second chapter of this book, had grown in strength; stores of arms had been discovered, concealed in secret depots at various points in Germany, and it was believed in responsible quarters at this moment that no fewer than 500,000 men, outside the Reichswehr, were undergoing short-service training year by year.

During the occupation of the Ruhr the Black Reichswehr also became particularly active, and the terrible "Vehm murders" took place which formed the subject of a trial at Landsberg three years later. It was then revealed that in obedience to the orders of a secret tribunal, organised on the lines of the mediæval Vehmgerichts, people were assassinated in diabolical ways and their bodies concealed. The shocking brutalities exercised against some of these victims were described in detail during the proceedings.

"The most interesting feature of this trial," *The Times* observed, "is the effort of the defence to show that the illegal organisations were controlled by the regular Reichswehr—in fact, that their members were really soldiers, so that the Reichswehr authorities were partly responsible for the brutal manner in which traitors were disposed of."¹

How, in the face of such revelations as these, published daily in the British Press, the theory of a completely peaceful and disarmed Germany could be maintained is impossible to understand. But the effect of these soothing assurances, accompanied by denunciations of "French militarism," was to give fresh encouragement to the militarist elements in Germany, and another "Putsch" took place on November 9, 1923, led this time by Adolf Hitler.

Hitler, the son of a Customs officer in Braunau, Austria, had earned his living in Vienna either as a dustman or a house painter—possibly as both. On this point his biographers differ. He also became a Socialist. On the outbreak of war,

however, he entered the Germany army, thereby losing his Austrian nationality. It is said that at the end of the War he was still a Social Democrat and took part in the revolution; then suddenly he became a violent Nationalist and threw himself into the Pan-German cause, identifying himself particularly with the anti-Semite section of the movement known as the "National Socialists"—Socialists only in name.

This was the man who, together with General Ludendorff, proclaimed the revolution in November, 1923. At the head of an armed band of "National Socialists," he thrust himself into a meeting of the "Leagues of the Fatherland" in Munich, and declared: "The national revolution has broken out to-day, the Government of the Reich is deposed and will be replaced by a National Government under Hitler. Ludendorff will march on Berlin with the new army of the Reich."

The revolutionaries were scattered, however, next day by shots from the Munich police, and the revolution ended ingloriously. Hitler himself was arrested, condemned to five years' imprisonment, but released a few months later, when he set about reorganising his group.

Such were the events taking place in Germany when the French were reproached for undue apprehension as to German intentions and for occupying the Ruhr, largely as a measure of defence. That the Entente, which, as Mr. Austen Chamberlain said at this crisis, was "hanging by a thread," still remained unbroken was owing to the force of British public opinion, mainly on the side of France, and to the daily exposure of the true facts of the case by the *Morning Post* and also by the Rothermere Press. Yet, not only Liberal and Socialist, but Conservative politicians continued to hold forth on the errors of French policy, its effect in checking industry in the Ruhr district, and the importance to our country of having "an efficient German people capable of producing goods in abundance by which alone they would be able to pay large reparations."¹

That the occupation of the Ruhr served the interests of British workers was admitted by Mr. Walton Newbold, then Communist member for Motherwell, in a speech to the Executive of the Third International in Moscow at this moment.

The Communist Party [said Comrade Newbold] was unable to rouse the British workers on the question of the Ruhr because the stoppage of steel, iron and coal exports terminated the competition of Germany, France and Belgium, increased the European demand for British coal, and thus reduced British unemployment in the coal fields and in the metal industry.²

And indeed, in a review of the depressed state of industry at the end of this year, the *Annual Register* observes that "the activity in the British coal-mining industry was due to some extent to the stoppage of supplies from the Ruhr coalfield."

¹ I quote from the speech of a Conservative candidate to a meeting at which I was present.

² Quoted in the *Morning Post*, July 27, 1923.

¹ Date of April 18, 1928.

Previous extracts were published on May 20, 27, June 3, 10, 17, 24, July 1, 8, 15, 22, 29, and August 5, 12, 19, 26.

The Sea Affair

By Captain Bernard Acworth, R.N.

"**F**EW fighting leaders in the Great War have won such ungrudging praise from a friend and foe as the hero of this biography. As Commander of the German Battle Cruiser Squadron at the Battle of Jutland, and Commander-in-Chief of the High Seas Fleet towards the end of the War, he proved himself an enemy fully worthy of the mettle and brilliance of our own Beatty."

The above extract from the Publishers' note on the cover of *The Life of Admiral von Hipper*, by Captain Hugo von Waldeyer Hartz, translated by F. Appleby Holt (Rich & Cowan, Ltd.), 20s. net, illustrated, is a just appreciation of the great German Admiral whose life and exploits, as related by Captain von Hartz, will prove of absorbing interest to every student of the sea.

Starting with his life as a little boy in a Bavarian Town, without any previous knowledge of or connection with the sea, we follow the career of this great sailor from Naval Cadet to Admiral, through all the stirring events and vicissitudes of 1914 to 1918, to his death on May 25th, 1932.

Though to many the character of the hero of this biography will provide the chief interest, the importance of the book to maritime students lies chiefly in the insight that it gives into the striking contrast between the soundness of German material and the thoroughness of German Naval training, and the strategical unsoundness of the Naval doctrine as laid down in the operation orders which governed the opening years of the Campaign.

A careful study reveals that the official doctrine of the maintenance intact of the main fleet, to the exclusion of the hazards involved in a decisive action, was shared alike by those in supreme command of the British and German Navies.

Writing of the lack of strategical success at Jutland, the author says: "The Officers of the German Navy, and the men too, were fully conscious of their efficiency and did not estimate their own value any lower than the value of their ships." G.H.Q., however, refused to exploit this justifiable valuation, and from the moment of mobilisation preached as the sum of wisdom the gospel of a "fleet to be preserved until peace." It was this doctrine that reduced the High Sea Fleet to a state of almost complete inertia prior to the relief of Von Pohl by Von Scheer in the Spring of 1916.

Though the author appears to consider that, under the command of Von Scheer and Von Hipper, the false doctrine of maintaining the German Fleet in being as a bargaining counter for peace was overthrown, he overlooks the fact that up to the end of the war the German Fleet avoided the risk of a decisive action. Captain Von Hartz complains of the terrible pressure involved in the British long distance blockade which, as he admits, eventually broke Germany. But, as I have repeatedly shown, the business of the British Fleet is to exert such pressure, thereby compelling the weaker fleet to seek a decision with

the British Fleet which is the backbone of the blockade. Owing, presumably, to the malign influence of the operation orders of G.H.Q., Germany elected to endure the blockade to the point of collapse rather than to risk the fleet.

German Naval Officers will hardly deny that, had the whole German Fleet proceeded into the North Sea, advertised its whereabouts, and remained at sea instead of retiring, as in all cases it did, at high speed to its harbours, it could have enjoyed the decisive trial of strength for which, we are told, it was thirsting. British Naval Officers will concede that in such a battle the German Navy would have given a good account of itself if its battle fleet was as efficient as the cruiser fleet commanded by Von Hipper.

The British failure to exploit our great opportunity at Jutland must be laid at the door of a British Naval doctrine in Whitehall which seems to have been the progenitor of Naval doctrine in Berlin, just as the Dreadnought was the father of the High Seas Fleet.

It may truly be said that British Officers and men, like German Officers and men, were incomparably superior to the "battle orders" and "operation orders" which played for safety rather than for a decision.

The account of the battle cruiser action will prove of intense interest to readers and will go a long way, if not the whole way, in dismissing the myth of the superiority of the German gunnery. All the German battle cruisers received tremendous punishment, and yet remained afloat, with the exception of the Lutzow, unlike the three ill-fated vessels, "Queen Mary," "Indefatigable," and "Invincible," whose loss was attributable to inferior construction.

The doctrine of "The Fleet in Being" proved disastrous to ourselves as well as to Germany. In Germany it led to the tolerance of the blockade, the mutiny in the fleet, and the final collapse of Germany.

In Great Britain, owing to the failure to seize the great opportunity of Jutland, our Great Armada was forced to remain concentrated at Scapa in readiness for another opportunity of decisive action which never eventuated. Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that the troubles of the world to-day, and the temporary loss of confidence in sea power throughout the world, are direct results of a false naval doctrine of sea power which must always be associated with Lord Fisher.

Throughout the book the author pays tribute to the opponent of his country. He concludes as follows:—

"Now Hipper lies under the soil. Earl Beatty and he got no further than to cross swords at the Dogger Bank and Jutland, but this was an experience of no ordinary sort that covered both men with glory.

"Let us hope that in the future great Britain and Germany may once more walk hand in hand.

"The sea does not divide nations. It brings them together."

NEW NOVELS

[REVIEWED BY H. WARNER ALLEN]

Up the Attic Stairs. By Violet M. Macdonald. Constable. 7s. 6d.

Murder in the Square. By Johnston Smith. Denis Archer. 7s. 6d.

Menace. By Richard Keverne. Constable. 7s. 6d.

UP the Attic Stairs is a lumber-room, where memories of little things lie jumbled haphazard and strangely transfigured in an atmosphere of old-world sandal-wood, and pot-pourri. Time is a magician who throws a spell over feelings, thoughts and events, as they sink into the glamour of the half-forgotten past and Mrs. Macdonald in her book has caught and fixed the remembrances of her girlhood in Geneva of the 'nineties, behind the bright and shimmering temporal veil with inspired deftness and charm. It may be that I am prejudiced in her favour since I too knew and loved Geneva at the end of the last century and can bear witness that time has worked the same alchemy on my memories as it has on hers.

It is curious that in France, where the nursery is non-existent and the cult of the child unknown, so many writers should have lingered lovingly over memories of childhood and early youth. Yet, as a whole, French authors are pre-eminent in the convincing art of their vignettes of the past; probably because they avoid the vice of sentimentality into which non-Latins are prone to slip. Daudet and Anatole France, to mention only two, excel in their presentation of those simple memories which delight by their exciting detail, truth and vivid simplicity.

Mrs. Macdonald's sentiment never runs amuck and she has a gift of portrayal spiced with a sense of humour that fascinates. There is something of the serenity of the Swiss mountains in the story of her school life at Geneva and all her reminiscences are as clear-cut in outline as the French language, although their details glow with the indistinct rose colour of the past.

Perhaps her most successful chapter deals with "la petite Claudel," the model who sat so respectably for the girl artists and who blushed from the waist upwards. "Bohème en Sourdisine," "Muted Bohemia" provides the perfect chapter heading and I know of no writer who has expressed more delightfully an amalgam of Swiss respectability and mild Latin Quarter naughtiness. As she left the school, she explained her departure in charming fashion:

"I'm going back to Paris," she said, turning very pink (and we knew she was blushing from the waist upwards in the old way). "I'm going back to Paris with . . . a lady . . ." (she slurred it—it refused to ring true.) " . . . with a lady who has offered me a situation . . . an *advantageous* situation . . . If we get on together, I may stay there for good."

For the rest, any reader who does not esteem it a privilege to make the acquaintance of Monsieur Duparc, the cabman and his horse Bibi who was

wont to gaze into futurity, of Tante Thérèse, so ugly and so nice, Tante Mirette with her little square feet, Harold the stupidest of all Newfoundlands and the other characters in Mrs. Macdonald's pages, must be very hard to please.

Mr. Johnston Smith has written a lively detective story in "Murder in the Square," and has hit on an ingenious new clue in the folded bus ticket. Incident follows incident in merry succession and the self-sacrificing Moray is a good character, better indeed than Quigley the detective, who could scarcely have carried on his business with much success, if he had so utterly ignored the popular press. The comic relief is the weakest part of the book.

Mr. Keverne is a brilliant story-teller. His technique is admirable and he never lets his reader's attention flag for an instant. Both Franklin Parry, the hero, and Harris the detective, are good characters, and the plot ingenious and thrilling. "Menace" is a book to be recommended to all who like to lose themselves in a world of excitement and fantasy where mystery follows mystery in rapid succession and justice works to the appointed end.

Ideals and Reality

Beethoven: The Search for Reality. By W. J. Turner. J. M. Dent & Sons. (New Edition) 6s.

IT is satisfactory to see that a good and expensive book should go out of print within the short period of five years or so and justify reprinting in a cheaper Edition. This has happened to Mr. W. J. Turner's *Beethoven*, published for the centenary year of 1927. In an introduction to this new edition, the author, remarking that it contains ideas "which have not received any attention from critics and writers on music," asks that particular attention should be paid to the chapter entitled, "Ideals and the Artist."

Some readers, I am afraid, may find this metaphysical dissertation a little wordy and involved, as I do. One may contentedly follow Mr. Turner's line of reasoning when he asks if there is any difference between ideals worshipped by the modern man and the idols worshipped by his primitive ancestor; when he suggests that idols are but dead ideals, ideals that no longer work; when he says that ideals (or idols) are "images" of the life within us. Image, I think, is ever an unfortunate word to associate with music; but, apart from that, one can well agree that we are always creating new "images" out of our spiritual experiences, and that ideals so created are only valuable if they can be used as points of departure to fresh experiences. "The mistake educationists make," says Mr. Turner, "the mistake all idealists make is in thinking that an ideal is an ultimate goal instead of a point of departure." Here is the egotistical touch. The real truth, of course, is that not all educationists are so silly, and that quite a number of "idealists" in these acutely disillusioned days have their heads jolly well screwed on.

H.H.

A Tragedy of Exile

Divided Loyalties. By Lewis Einstein.
Cobden-Sanderson. 15s.

[REVIEWED BY H. E. SCARBOROUGH]

A CHAPTER of history only vaguely remembered in England and almost completely ignored in the United States is revitalised by Mr. Lewis Einstein in this book, which is a fascinating study of some of the American residents in England during the War of the American Revolution.

There has never been any other large-scale movement of a population quite comparable to the exodus of the American Loyalists. The Huguenots, the French aristocrats who fled the Revolution, the Germans and Hungarians who emigrated after the '48, the Russian refugees of our own day—all sought asylum as foreigners in foreign countries. The closest parallel is to be found in the departure of the Loyalists from Ireland; but the parallel is not exact, and the movement was on a much smaller scale.

Mr. Einstein estimates that there were 2,000 Americans resident in England by 1777, and between 5,000 and 6,000 by 1783. Naturally the vast majority of the 100,000 or so who fled the Colonies went to Canada—where, the author suggests, they provided the backbone of the resistance to the American annexation of Canada during the war of 1812 and the years immediately following. Most of those who came to England had been officials, merchants or planters: a relatively wealthy group which had headed the American Tory party. Some came because the Revolution abolished the offices which they had held; some because their property or estates had been confiscated; some to save their own skins; and a few to enter the service of the British Government as spies and informers.

Only the latter group found in England anything approaching happiness. The other Loyalists found English ways and the English climate alien; yet the unconcealed sympathy with the Colonists publicly betrayed by many Englishmen depressed them. They were kindly enough received; many were pensioned by George III.; and after peace was declared, the British Government paid approximately one-fifth of the claims submitted for compensation for confiscated property: which, considering that the claims were almost certainly inflated, was not too strikingly ungenerous. But large numbers of these refugees had severed family ties, had left well-loved homes, had abandoned means of livelihood which they could not reconstitute in England. Lacking coherence or set purpose, they gradually faded into obscurity; and their descendants mostly forgot their American origin.

Only for a handful did the Revolution mean opportunity. Not for painters like West or Copley, or for merchants who, like the artists, were already established here; but for such amazing creatures as Dr. Edward Bancroft or Paul Wentworth, who became master spies in the British service, but retained the affection of the (naturally unsuspecting) American Commissioners in Paris. Then there was the Reverend John Vargill, who obtained a Regius Chair of Divinity as a reward

for espionage! And Benjamin Thompson, who "after beginning as an obscure Yankee boy, apprenticed to a Salem shopkeeper and refused a commission in the American Army, acted as an English spy, rose through his merits before he was thirty, to be a British Under-Secretary of State, commanded a cavalry regiment against his own compatriots, and in his subsequent progress, became the foremost Minister in Bavaria, a Count of the Holy Roman Empire, and ended his days as a retired British Colonel, living in Paris during the Napoleonic Wars, a member of the French Institute, and a scientist, philanthropist, and egotist of international fame."

"Divided Loyalists" is as exciting as a thriller—and far better documented.

The Pantomime Man. By Richard Middleton.
Rich and Cowan. 7s. 6d.

Middleton was a poet of some real accomplishment and more promise when he unaccountably committed suicide in 1911. Since his death his memory and reputation have been guarded by a faithful few, notably Lord Alfred Douglas, and they have now published some of the *miscellanea* he left behind. Of these the most significant is the "Journal of a Clerk," a record, entirely without morbidity, of the intellectual life of one sensitive and ambitious but condemned to an insurance desk. The book was worth publishing for this alone—but it is remarkable how much of the rest—sketches, fantasies, essays in the manner of the literary weeklies, "middles," reviews—stand up against the passage of more than 20 years.

William the Conqueror. By Hilaire Belloc. Peter Davies. 5s.

Mr. Belloc, being both French and English and an amateur of strategy and battles, was obviously the right man to add William the Conqueror to this series of short lives of great men. The choice has certainly been justified. Mr. Belloc is at his best in making the history of Western Europe during the century before the conquest intelligible, and in his account of Hastings. Perhaps it was to be expected that he should over-emphasise the contrast between the civilised Normans and the Barbarian Danes. And he rather slurs over the fact that the rightful king was neither the bastard William nor the usurping Harold but Edgar the Aethling.

Medieval Studies. By Wray Hunt. The Fenland Press. 6s.

A useful introduction, quite simply written, to some understanding of social life in England during the 400 years following the eleventh century. Intended primarily for students, the general reader will be glad to find a book on this subject which is almost entirely free from that curious cantankerousness which seems to be the besetting sin of most writers on this period. The author also avoids putting on those rose-coloured spectacles through which a time when civilisation and culture were slowly finding foothold in a world of squalor and brutality is seen as a golden age of happiness and romance for rich and poor alike.

To Bomb or Not

[Much interest has been roused by Captain Harold Balfour's recent article on Aerial Bombing. The following are selections from some of the letters received.—Ed. S.R.]

SIR,—I read with great interest Capt. Balfour's article in the *Saturday Review* on the subject of Aerial Bombing, and realise the force of his statements.

Undoubtedly minor wars in mountainous terrain can be effectively dealt with by bombing and with a smaller loss of life than by the use of infantry. If war breaks out between the great powers it requires great faith to believe that any agreement made in times of peace is strong enough to prevent aerial bombing. The temptation of an otherwise beaten power to use its civilian aeroplanes would be so strong as to be almost irresistible. Nevertheless, if the bombing of large centres of population could be prevented or delayed by eliminating bombing in frontier warfare, or at the risk of bombardment of sea coast towns by a hostile fleet—or at the risk of "no bombing" agreements being broken by a beaten nation—it would be better to take such risks than to have sure swift death fall upon our defenceless cities within a few hours of the declaration of war.

I should not, however, rely on the sanctity of agreements but would, in every scheme of suburban extension, provide for underground gas and germ-proof shelters and would re-design underground tubes for defence purposes. There should be no delay in providing an independent air supply and air locks for all underground railways. In no other way can people in large cities be saved from extinction.

HENRY A. PROCTER.
(M.P., Accrington)

SIR,—The use of bombing aircraft for Police purposes in savage and semi-savage parts of the Empire raises issues of policy far transcending the actual merits of this weapon as a cheap, effective, and humane means on maintaining order on the North West frontier and elsewhere. Moulders of British policy must, therefore, consider carefully whether the general use of this weapon is likely, on balance, to be advantageous to the British Empire.

The "experts" have strongly advocated the retention of this weapon for Police purposes. Their argument is a simple one, and regarded on the plane of local expediency, unanswerable. During the last fifteen years, the cheapness and efficacy of the weapon has been established beyond doubt, indeed it does not appear that it is any more inhumane than other forms of attack. As far as the victim is concerned it is probably a matter of indifference to him, whether he is disembowelled by a fragment of high-explosive shell, by an anti-personnel bomb, or by the tulwar of a pathan. Advocates of air bombing have pointed out that bombardment by this weapon is generally preceded by the dropping of warning pamphlets, with the result that villages so attacked are nearly always evacuated, and casualties are few. Their case, as far as it goes, is a strong one.

If, however, we lift the argument to the plane of high policy, we are faced with a very different aspect of the matter, for in this direction, air bombing as a weapon of war confronts Britain with a situation which she has never yet had to face during all her long history.

The man in the street often has rather hazy ideas as to the real purpose of the armed forces. He fails to appreciate that so-called defence forces "defend" him and his kind principally by attacking the moral of the enemy's civil population. War is a continuation of policy, with the object of inflicting one's will on the enemy's populace. In the past, this object has been achieved by many methods. For instance, in the Great War, the collapse of Germany was attributable to the combined effect on the moral of her population of many forms of pressure such as starvation due to blockade, propaganda, imminent collapse of her armies, heavy casualties, and so on.

It is a common boast in Germany to-day, that her armies remained unbroken at the Armistice. The thought undoubtedly consoles millions of Germans, but whether it be admitted or not, to the student of war it is a matter of no importance. It is the ultimate object that counts, and this the Allies achieved in that they produced a collapse of the moral of the German population, thus enabling them to impose their will upon it.

Battles by land occur because it is impossible to control the enemy's populace by occupation of his territory without first encountering and destroying his armies which interpose themselves; battles by sea, because his naval forces interpose themselves to dispute invasion or blockade. Not until these forces have been destroyed, circumvented, or immobilised, has it hitherto been possible to inflict heavy direct pressure on the enemy's populace.

The advent of the air weapon has changed all this. It is a weapon of considerable precision, having such long range, that, given certain geographical conditions, it may subject a civil population to unbearable pressure from the moment that war breaks out. The principles of war are unchanging, and the advent of air power has not introduced anything to upset them. It has, however, brought vital regions of Great Britain within easy reach of bombardment from the continent, and so, for the first time in our history, vital centres will be open to attack, while our armed forces are still undefeated. Indeed, such attack might start before any contact whatever had taken place between land or sea forces.

It may be argued that we can meet like with like, that the air menace must be met with air action. This argument is, however, largely fallacious. Navies move freely in two dimensions, armies painfully in two, but air forces move freely in three, making interception a matter of great difficulty. Great aerial conflicts will undoubtedly take place in the course of future wars, as they did in 1914-1918, but, when all is said and done, the bombing aeroplane must be regarded primarily as a missile, and the most effective counter will be a form of "counter-battery" bombardment by our own aircraft, against enemy aerodromes. In the great organisation "Aerial Defence of Great Britain," are included highly complicated measures for interception of enemy bombers by searchlights, fighter aircraft, and anti-aircraft guns, and provision is made for the bombing of enemy aerodromes; yet, despite all this, Air Ministry experts themselves admit that a strong air power based in Northern France or Belgium could drop 1,000 tons of bombs on selected points in Great Britain on the first day of hostilities and 300-400 tons on every subsequent day, as long as the war lasted.

Indiscriminate bombing of populated areas has been proved to be comparatively ineffective. Having regard to the fact that six-sevenths of the Metropolitan area, for instance, is open space, very heavy bombardments of this area could take place without having a decisive effect on the moral of the population of London, far less on that of the country in general. It is surprising how quickly a population can get accustomed to the idea of heavy bombardment, as was proved over and over again in the Great War.

No, an intelligent enemy would concentrate his attacks on our three great naval bases at Chatham, Portsmouth, and Devonport, on shipping in the Channel and North Sea, and on that great vital distributive centre comprised in the London Docks and Railway System.

The vital interests of Britain demand that all forms of air bombing should be abolished. This can never be done, if we insist upon its retention for Police purposes in savage and semi-savage parts of the Empire.

House of Commons

ROBERT BOWER, M.P.

CORRESPONDENCE

Thinking of the Old 'Un

SIR,—The gullibility of our Foreign Office officials would be ludicrous if it was not tragic.

Why do they persist in pinning their faith to the few "conciliatory" statements made by the German Government and ignore hundreds of bellicose utterances? Why do they still, after their pre-war experiences, think they can deal with Germans by the usual diplomacy any better than with MacDonald's honoured guest the bandit Litvinoff?

The chief crime of the inept Asquith Government was that they believed only what they wanted to believe, and refused to recognise Germany's painfully obvious intentions. Modern Whitehall seems to have inherited all the decadence of Liberalism.

Hitler is determined, as a first step, to Nazify Austria. Protests will not stop him. We shall have to threaten to reoccupy the Rhineland, and be prepared to act.

Oh for a Disraeli or a Palmerston to rid us of our present spineless foreign policy, so unworthy of a great nation like our own!

RONALD RUSSELL.

Constitutional Club,

Northumberland Avenue.

New Trapping Methods

SIR,—If moles were only caught above ground, so that people could witness their struggles whilst slowly being squeezed to death by the weak springs of the ordinary mole trap, I think they would insist on the use of the new type now being recommended for these animals by the R.S.P.C.A. These traps kill at once and are far more efficient.

C. VAN DER BYL (MAJOR),
Founder of the Fur Crusade and
Humane Trapping Campaign.

Wapenham, Worcester.

Arthur Machen

SIR,—I am collecting material for my "Life of Arthur Machen," to appear next Spring. I should be grateful if any of your readers, who possess any scarce pamphlets or letters; or who can throw any light on the life or work of this author, would communicate with me.

33, Gt. James Street,
Gray's Inn, W.C.1.

JOHN CAWSWORTH.

The Green Ray

SIR,—I have often seen this phenomenon in Egypt and as often failed to see it, without being able to account for the failure, which did not seem due to different atmospheric conditions. Green Flash conveys a better description than Green Ray, because there seems to be something dynamic in it: the greenness extends far beyond the small segment of the disappearing sun.

If it is due to retinal fatigue should one not see green before the last snip of the sun disc has disappeared?

Headington, Oxford.

E. S. THOMAS.

"The Professional Shuffle"

SIR,—I notice in the Press that Mr. T. W. Green has expressed his determination to walk from the Clock Tower, Westminster to Brighton Aquarium, a distance of 51 miles 1,607 yards in eight hours in the Surrey Walking Club's race on September 9th.

It makes anyone who knows what really legitimate walking is, roar with laughter, to think that any human being could cover the London to Brighton distance in eight hours.

Fancy anyone walking a mile in 6 minutes 22 seconds the present so-called world's record, and eight miles 438 yards in the hour, both impossible feats!

This race walking has been going on for a great number of years; it is not walking, but what used to be known in the eighties as the "Professional Shuffle." I have seen most of the so-called champions for the last half century, and I can say that I have never seen any honest walking amongst them. It is not walking, but a mix-up between a walk, a run, a trot and a shuffle.

It took A. F. H. Newton 5 hours 53 minutes 43 seconds on November 18, 1924, to run the London to Brighton course, which at once makes anyone walking the distance in eight hours an absurdity.

All the walking records standing on the books to-day are nothing but "Professional Shuffles," and were never accomplished by fair and legitimate walking.

It is a very great pity, that the International Amateur Athletic Federation and the Amateur Athletic Association recognises this mode of progression as legitimate walking, but to those who know anything about walking, it is nothing but a burlesque.

London Athletic Club.

JAMES M. K. LUPTON.

India's Welfare!

SIR,—There are only three questions need answering.

1. Have we justified our rule in India by governing the people according to the dictates of humanity?

2. Shall we suffer Nationally and Commercially, by handing the Government to those who are influenced by religious, or personal self interest, and hatred?

3. Will the mass of the people of India gain any advantage by the change in the Administration?

These are the three issues, and to make this a Party question is infamous.

At the very least the Representatives of the Nation should vote without any pressure from Cabinet Ministers or fear of Party.

The slogan will be, India for the Indians, and down and out with the British, and the people will be coerced and made to follow the lead.

If our Civil Service, and Police Authority, are parted with, the rest will follow as the night follows the day. Trouble now? Yes! In spite of all we have done, it will be increased a hundredfold by our cowardice in taking the line of least resistance.

How are we going to control all those forces, which are at present kept in bounds by the rigour of the law, and the members of which are serving imprisonment?

Are we going to let them loose and damn the consequences? If so, this Cabinet will not only be a disgrace to humanity, but an everlasting curse.

AN OBSERVER.



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CHURCH ARMY
FRESH AIR HOMES

CITY.—By OUR CITY EDITOR

THE opening of the new Stock Exchange account coincided with a resumption of speculative activity in the Foreign Exchanges, the dollar moving erratically, while the franc has moved against sterling to such an extent as to place the £ at last December's low level in terms of gold. The consequent jump in the open market price for gold in London to nearly 130s. per ounce fine, brought fresh activity in gold mining shares, but despite the spectacular rises in South African, West African and West Australian mines, the position of the mines has not been substantially changed by the fresh fall in sterling, and until it is possible to base estimates on at least one year's profit figures, South African mines are a pure gamble at present prices. In the case of most of the West Africans and the Westralians, the companies have not even reached the producing stage as yet, so that the investing public should understand that the present activity in mines is best confined to the purely professional interests. A number of investors, of course, bought shares of the regular established gold producers for income purposes, a sound proposition provided that the investor can avoid being over-impressed by the fluctuations in the market and also that he lays down a sinking fund from his income against the expiration of the life of his mine. As to the market for the metal itself, the Continent is now paying a considerable premium over and above the franc parity price, in order to hoard gold in London safe-deposits against the time when the Continental currencies leave the gold standard! This distrust by the Continent of its own currencies is more likely than anything else to break up the "gold bloc."

Home Industrials

The obvious alternative for the investor seeking a better return than the $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. obtainable on gilt-edged securities, is on first sight the Home Industrial market. But in many cases, and notably those of the leading and most active Home Industrial ordinary shares, the return is little better than that on British Funds and the chance of capital appreciation has been discounted for some time ahead if yield is to be taken as a basis. It is true that speculative influences frequently affect industrial "equities" to a greater extent than investment factors, but it should be emphasised that it is unlikely that the ordinary investor can look to the Home Industrial market for spectacular profits and he should rather consider the attractions of a good income than the speculative possibilities of industrial ordinaries for quick capital appreciation.

But the industrial market has many preference

shares in its list which provide a happy medium between the income and the capital factors. In cases where companies have fallen upon adverse times, and these are numerous, preference shares have suffered in price as the "cover," which profits of the companies provide for dividend requirements, has been reduced. Thus a preference share giving a high yield offers not only the attraction of income in the present, but also the possibility of capital appreciation in the future, as the company's profit-earning position improves. Preference shares of this nature are not merely speculative, but they are dependent upon industrial conditions to the extent of providing for the full fixed dividend which will bring in its turn, capital appreciation, justified by the rate of interest obtained.

Shares on Offer

The amount of shares in this class on offer at the moment is distinctly limited, but they can be found in small parcels to make up a total investment of such a sum as £10,000 to give a return of over 6 per cent. on the money, in consideration of the influences referred to in the preceding paragraph. Buyers should understand that the shares are on the fringe of the speculative class, but the yields obtainable seem more than to compensate for the risks attached. About 1,000 Montague Burton 7 per cent. cumulative preference shares can be bought to yield £6 8s. per cent. at the price of 21s. 9d., the dividend being about 6 times covered. As previously remarked, the company is as much a property concern as a multiple tailoring business. A slightly higher return, $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., is obtainable on 500 Horne Bros. 7 per cent. cumulative preference shares at 21s. 6d., the dividend being just covered by last year's profits. Six per cent. is the return on Peter Robinson 7 per cent. cumulative preference shares of which 500 have recently been offering at 23s. The dividend was covered by the last year's profits, and inasmuch as the directors have declared an interim dividend on the ordinary shares this year, whereas a year ago it was omitted, the "cover" for the preference dividend may be expected to be larger in the current year. Some 500 J. Sears and Co. $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. cumulative preference shares have been on offer at 42s. 6d., to yield £5 17s. per cent., the dividend being covered $3\frac{1}{2}$ times while a similar amount of W. Barratt 7 per cent. cumulative preference shares can be obtained to yield £5 12s. per cent., the dividend being covered more than twice. A similar return is given by John Lewis 7 per cent. cumulative preference at 25s., the dividend being $1\frac{1}{2}$ times covered. There have also been offering 500 Neuchatel Asphalte 5 per cent. cumulative preference shares at 15s. 6d. The past year's accounts showed the dividend to be covered so that the return of £6 9s. per cent. appears attractive.

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FILMS

BY MARK FORREST

Adorable. Directed by William Dieterle. New Gallery.

Two Lives. Directed by Eric Waschneck. Cinema House, Oxford Circus.

"**A**DORABLE," the new film at the New Gallery, is mutton disguised as lamb, for not long ago there was presented at the Rialto a picture entitled "Her Highness Commands," which featured Lilian Harvey and Henri Garat. Except for some new musical numbers and the presence of Janet Gaynor, instead of Lilian Harvey, I could not detect a great deal of difference between the two productions.

Henri Garat again gives a nice performance as the fascinating lieutenant who captivates the princess when she makes her appearance, incognita, at the servant's ball. The amusing scenes, whereby she gives him a step in rank in her own regiment every time his superior officer tries to deal with his offences, are re-enacted, and the climax which discloses the king to be her small brother is repeated. The ice skating scenes have been considerably curtailed and the sequence is now not nearly so amusing; neither is Janet Gaynor so successful as Lilian Harvey in her characterisation.

Those who did not see "Her Highness Commands" and like Janet Gaynor, who is just as coy and arch as ever, should get some entertainment out of this film, the story of which, as can be readily seen, is to a certain extent the reverse of Lilian Harvey's new picture "My Lips Betray." At the moment there is a run upon Cinderella and her male counterpart; I hope Hollywood will soon call a halt to this style of romance. One Cinderella story a year is a fair ration for the theatre and though the films might be allowed to send in a quarterly account, a weekly one is too much of a good idea.

Hitherto Mr. Hakim and Miss Cohen have been content to do revivals of the best foreign pictures at the Cinema House, Oxford Circus, leaving their other cinema, the Academy, to make the original presentations. However, both houses are now to be used for new productions and, while "Don Quixote" continues its successful run at the Academy, the Cinema House has begun its new career with "Two Lives" ("Zwei Menschen"), a German picture in which the two principal parts are played by Gustav Fröhlich and Charlotte Susa. The background of the film is the Austrian Tyrol, and the story is that of the eternal struggle between the two halves of a man's nature. In this case the scales are weighted a little unfairly because the young hero, who shows every aptitude for the enjoyment of life as normal men generally manage to enjoy it, is harnessed to the Church by his mother. As the latter dies in trying, by prayer, to make God turn her son's footsteps along the spiritual path, the young man's conscience will allow him on her death to tread nowhere else with tragic results for everybody.

Like the majority of German pictures the craftsmanship is thorough and the details are not scamped. A delicious scene of a peasant wedding

lights up a sombre story, but the whole is somewhat too ponderous, both photographically and otherwise, to make an altogether pleasing entertainment.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 50

WHAT BROUGHT ON HAPLESS GREECE THE FLOOD OF WOE
OLD HOMER SINGS OF, OUR TWO PILLARS SHOW.

1. To break the captives' chains his kind heart yearned.
 2. Away it dashed—to ink the water turned.
 3. Brickwork—sounds fishy—first old Ocean bred it.
 4. With Noah's planting havoc plays: behead it.
 5. Consort of Vishnu; source of power creative.
 6. Such are the plants to inland waters native.
 7. Great Moorish building paralleled by few.
 8. Who cuts your hair knows also this to do.
 9. Slight puff of vapour borne upon the wind.
 10. The rule of Britain over realms of Ind.
 11. It's slang; you'll please delete the final letter.
 12. Halve what some think as good as home or better.
 13. Forget he is, if epitaph speaks true,
- But O, I guess he'll be recalled to you.

SOLUTION OF ACROSTIC No. 49

C	h	u	B
s	O		U
W	h	i	t
P		u	s
Z	E	b	A
R	e	c	r
S	t	r	a
P	i	l	l
c	O		O
E	b	e	n
M	a	t	c
S	o	a	p

¹ Hawthorn, may. ² Judges viii. 21 and vii. 1.
³ 1 Sam. vii. 12.

The winner of Acrostic No. 48 (the first correct solution to be opened) is Miss E. Allison, to whom a book will be sent.

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Broadcasting Notes

THIS Big Programme Drive of which we have heard so much from the new Variety Director is giving me a great deal of trouble. I simply cannot find it. I have spent laborious hours searching for the sixteen hours chock-full with vitality in next week's programmes, but so far they have eluded me. True, there is a Variety programme (Sept. 5th, 8 p.m., Regional), "Music Hall" (Sept. 6th, 8 p.m., National), "Waltz Time" (Sept. 8th, 8 p.m., Regional, and Sept. 9th, 8 p.m., National), Galsworthy's "Strife" (Sept. 4th, 7.45 p.m., National, and Sept. 5th, 9.15 p.m., Regional) and Eight Pianos from the Granada Theatre, Tooting (Sept. 7th, 11.5 p.m., National).

The Variety programme, in spite of the fact that it includes Lawrence Baskcomb, is not a good advertisement for the new Director; in fact, it bids fair to be thoroughly second-rate. "Music Hall" will almost certainly be a success, but I fail to see why Mr. Maschwitz should take the credit, since this type of programme achieved its popularity long before his appointment and must go to the credit of its deviser and producer, John Sharman.

Mr. Sharman's name is very rarely mentioned in connection with the programmes for which he is responsible, but he has forgotten more about the Variety business than anyone else in his department is ever likely to learn. "Strife" is a repeat performance and is presumably sponsored by the Productions Director, while as for the Eight Pianos I strongly suspect the Outside Broadcast Director. So there we are.

On further search it seemed as though the Big Programme Drive were being extended to the Sunday programmes, inasmuch as Miss Eda Kersey is described as giving a pianoforte recital in the National programme at 3.45 p.m. It would no doubt have considerably brightened Sunday afternoon to hear these particular compositions played on the piano, but I suspect that it was a slip of the pen, and that Miss Kersey may be relied upon to bring her violin with her.

On the whole, therefore, it would seem that we shall have to wait a little longer before the Big Drive makes itself felt. In fact, it would probably be safest to say nothing more about it until something is broadcast which will justify the posturings and trumpeting with which it has been heralded.

Alan Howland.

Public Schools

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AN Examination will be held on October 25th, 26th and 27th, for eight Entrance Scholarships, value from £100 to £300, for boys under 14 on 31st December, 1933. For details apply The Bursar, Haileybury College, Hertford.

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